

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Eliza Symonds Bell, August 20, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell. Crescent Grove, Baddeck, Aug. 20th (1887) My dear Mrs. Bell:

Of course we are both much disappointed that you won't come this year, especially as we do not admit the force of your reasoning. Tomorrow, the 21st is not the end of August and you would have been here then if you had followed out our very leisurely programme, and the late fall does not begin until the middle of October so that you might have spent a month here very comfortably. However, you and Mr. Bell know best what you should do, and we would not of course urge you to come against your own feelings. Why didn't some of the others come then, we telegraphed for them if we couldn't get you. Nobody seems to want to come and see us this year, we must just hide our diminished heads and say nothing more. We find Baddeck in all its variable changeful moods charming, only I think Alec would like a little more steady sunshine for his haymaking. That I fear is suffering just now.

Alec and Mr. Arthur McCurdy and Mr. Kiesel are going off in the yacht today if there is enough wind, for a weeks cruise on the other side of the great lake, and perhaps the children and I may go up to Whycocomagh and drive thence to meet him. It will be a drive of nearly forty miles though, and I am not sure whether I will take it.

Our life here goes on very quietly, but there is so much that is delightful to do that the time passes like a flash. There is driving and rowing principally, and visitors to entertain, for scarcely a day passes without some one's dropping in to tea. My 2 domestic economy, while less economical than before is much more easy. I have three girls instead of two and it makes an immense difference, principally I suppose because it takes two to do the

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cooking! One to do the rough work, and another to read the receipts and do the fancy cooking which I like.

Perrin is sick today, and the boy is needed on the place, so I am going to drive in and post my letter and do the errands for the family, so goodbye. Alec was so delighted to get your letter yesterday, he said it was the best proof that you were well. He is very well himself, so well that he eats potatoes without any ill effects. But alas he is fatter than ever!

Much love to you all, Your affectionate daughter, Mabel.